

"CHIMMIE" M'FADDEN, KING OF THE NEWSBOYS, VISITS OGDEN

Once a Gang Leader in New York, Now Preaching the Gospel of Right Doing—Entered College, Though Never Afforded the Privilege of Attending the Grade Schools—Will Give Lectures in Ogden.



"Chimmie" McFadden, "King of Newsies."

"The King of the Newsboys," "Chimmie" McFadden of New York City, is here.

Once a "gang" leader, associate of "Gyp the Blood" and "Leftie Louie" in the notorious "Gopher gang" of the Bowery, and now efficiency expert associated with Emerson and Kaufman, "Chimmie" knows what he is talking about when he lectures on organization.

He was brought to Ogden by The Standard.

While in Ogden he will give an address on efficiency before business men and in all likelihood will occupy one of the local pulpits.

Sent as an orphan to an asylum at Chicago, he went away from there at the age of 10 years and has sold newspapers as a means of making a livelihood for the last eighteen years. He has been arrested about 850 times, owing to the remarkable voice power which rings for blocks, but never has been convicted. His lung test is 87 1-2 pounds.

Interesting Sidelight. According to a clipping in one of "Chimmie's" scrap books, the Rochester, N. Y., Post Express of July 24, 1913, gives the following interesting side light to his history:

"The original Chimmie McFadden, that is not his real name, was placed in an orphan asylum by his parents when he was 8 years old, and he did not learn his true name until ten years later. Chimmie declines to tell his true name, after explaining that his parents are respected and well to do, and says that in all the years he has been working his way on the streets they have never offered him the shelter of their home nor any assistance. He left the orphan asylum in Chicago and went to Pittsburgh, where he sold papers for several years, finally beating his way to New York City."

He is credited with having settled the newsboys' strike in Chicago in 1906 and has personally organized seventeen of the largest newsboys' unions in the country.

He is president and secretary of the International Newsboys' association, an organization numbering 475,000 members. He represented the American newsboys at the international conference held in London under the auspices of Lord Churchill in 1909.

"The newsboys are the ones who make the paper," declares "Chimmie." "For without street sales a paper would not live."

"I went from Chicago to Pittsburgh, and then to New York City. I became leader of the Cherry Hill gang of the Bowery, owing to a fellow on a dock hearing my voice and declaring I could be of value to the gang with such a speaking trumpet in my system. I quarreled with principal members and formed the Gopher gang, of which Leftie Louie and others of the Rosenthal murder case were members. So I can expose the 'system' of New York pretty thoroughly, having known its workings for years."

Some Big Gang.

So well did he organize that "gang" that although he has been away from the "Gophers" for years, yet more than a thousand members still belong to it.

Self made, he uttered the following startling statements during his visit at the Standard:

"I never went to grade or high school a day in my life. Yet I studied for two years in Cornell university. I did this because I was able to cover the preparatory university work by myself during odd hours while hustling papers for a livelihood."

The slang which characterized the utterances of "Chimmie McFadden" of literature is familiar to "Chimmie" McFadden, the head of the newsboys. But in speaking ordinarily, his language is like that of a business man who is thoroughly acquainted with "sport" slang, but who uses it only when its picturesque aids his remarks and gives point and emphasis to his arguments.

Here is an interesting bit of his conversation:

"Ever since I left the 'gangs' of New York, after tossing a bit of Irish confetti (bricks) at a fellow member of the organization, I have been interested in organizations and how they were formed and kept alive. Efficiency is one of my hobbies, and I believe in doing your work according to the motto of the famous tramp 'A No. 1,' who says, 'you remember, whoever you are, wherever you be, whatever you do—be A No. 1.' That famous wanderer has given me a written statement that he sincerely believes my work among newsboys is keeping many of them from becoming tramps and criminals."

CLEAN CITY CONTEST COMMITTEE NAMED

The committee appointed Thursday at the mass meeting in the Weber club, to take charge of the local work in the "Clean City" contest, met yesterday afternoon at the club and discussed the matter of perfecting an organization large enough to take care of the work thoroughly, without burdening any one member too heavily. It was the opinion of the executive committee that every religious and social organization in the city should be interested in the contest and to enlist their support, it was decided to have each one represented in the enlarged organization. The following list of names was made out and each person

named will be visited by a member of the executive committee and instructed as to the part they will be required to take in the contest:

Mrs. J. T. Lynch, president Child Culture club; Mrs. A. B. Corey, president Historical society; Mrs. Hyrum Smith, president Home Culture society; Mrs. M. S. Brownings, president Martha society; Mrs. J. C. Abbott, president Children's Aid society; W. E. Sanderson, exalted ruler Elks' lodge; Mrs. Fred Foulger, Ogden stake president Relief society; Mrs. Georgina Marlott, president North Weber stake Relief society; James Wetherpoon, president North Weber stake; T. B. Evans, president Ogden stake; L. W. Shurtliff, president Weber stake; Mrs. R. B. Porter, Mrs. E. Bichsel, Mr. J. S. Carver, Mr. George Shorten, Mr. L. V. Reynolds, Mr. J. D. Larson, Mrs. J. Culley.

Heads of parents' department work—Thomas M. Irvine, North Weber stake; William McKay, Ogden stake; B. H. Goddard, Weber stake.

Representatives of churches—F. G. Brainerd, Congregational; W. W. Fleetwood, Episcopal; P. P. Tester, St. Paul's Evangelical; G. F. Russell, Methodist; J. E. Carver, Presbyterian; P. N. Cushman, Catholic, and others as follows: T. D. Johnson, Judge Gunnell, Heber Scowcroft, Dr. H. M. Rowe, Mr. Andrews, high school; Dr. W. E. Whalen, Dr. Gowans, Judge Howell, Mr. J. M. Mills, F. M. Driggs, James P. Casey, Frank Francis, Mayor Fell, C. J. Flygare, Chief Canfield, T. S. Browning, Judge Reed and M. Skeen.

In addition to getting out the list of persons who will be asked to give special attention to the work of cleaning up the city, the committee discussed the question from every point of view. They finally agreed that the only way to win the contest was to take up a campaign of education that would reach every home in the city and create a public sentiment that would demand sanitary and healthful conditions.

MISTREATMENT FOR DUMB ANIMALS IN OGDEN

Peery, Okla., July 27.—Grief stricken because of the threatened loss of his team of horses by foreclosure of a mortgage, Gottlieb Wigger, a farmer, today shot and killed the animals, buried them and then ended his own life over their grave. A letter he left read in part:

"Often when I was overcome with grief with no one to console me, these old friends would act as if they knew all about my distress. It would break my heart to see them come into other people's hands."

Editor Standard: Today I clipped the above item from The Standard's press dispatches because it is a pathetic picture of surcharged altruistic love and self-sacrifice. The old masters have invoked inspiration for the delineation of mercy from texts like that, but the comparison is inane and void because drawn only from the genius of imagination, but the few crude words left to the world by old Gottlieb Wigger of the Teutonic name, though discouraged and heart-broken, will inevitably live to temper hearts toward the helpless dumb creation when his poor body is wasted to ashes and his name forgotten.

And yet the works of the old masters, whether of pencil or pen, must not be overlooked for they allure to better and still higher impulses. We linger with delight before "The Horses at the Fair," painted by that sweet lover of animals, Rosa Bonheur, and unconsciously we lift our hat to the humble groom so proud of the intelligent brutes on whose dumb lips the angel of fate has laid the finger of silence.

And our hearts slow down with reverence as we pause before Costello's graphic picture of the famishing dog watching by the dead body of his master, even as a loving mother watches over the cradle of her sleeping babe.

And we love to read again and again Edward Markham's words of tribute about the two feeble old horses in the pasture, standing with neck over neck in mutual grief because of the cruel fate that doomed them to the unjust lash and scared, and fleshless sides, now that the years are heavy and the night and shadows gather.

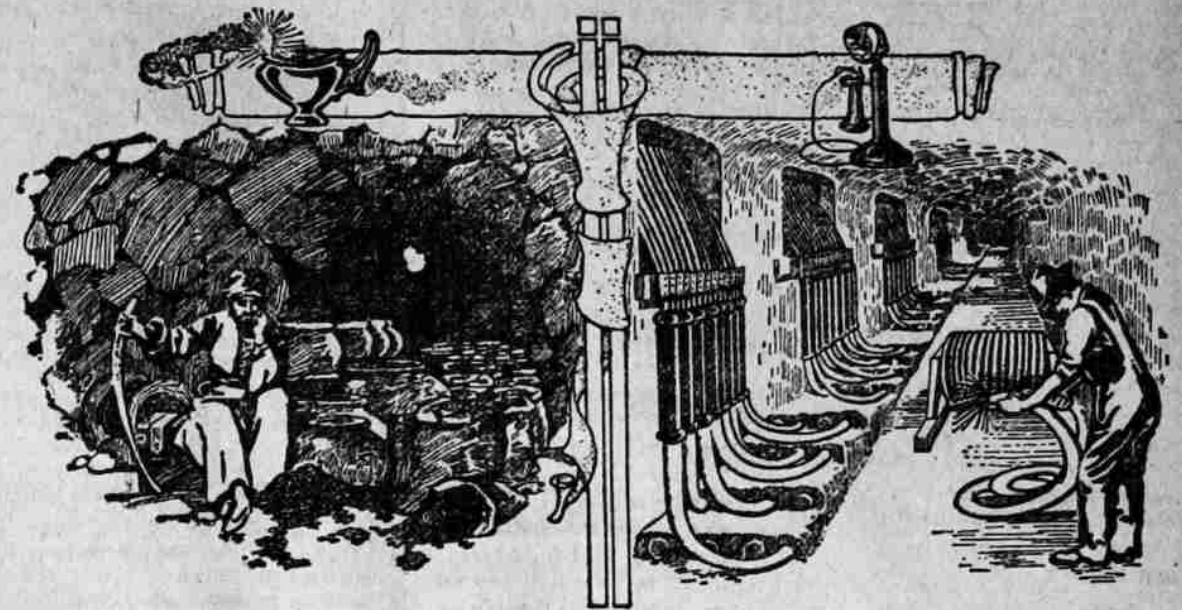
And it touches our humane sensibilities to read of the faithful collie dog, Rover, though himself famishing of thirst, coaxing the perishing troop lost on the desert, to a babbling pool of water hid from everything but the instinctive prescience of the loyal brute.

And there is a brighter pictured canvas of words by that inimitable word-painter, Robert Burns, in his story of the "Two Dogs," telling their tale of doe to each other, and over their human-like foibles sour visaged old men with a grouse and a bad liver will laugh and laugh and feel better.

But no picture of the old masters, painted or written, surpasses in pathos that of the faithful collie dog, Rover, though himself famishing of thirst, coaxing the perishing troop lost on the desert, to a babbling pool of water hid from everything but the instinctive prescience of the loyal brute.

Now, I have not called attention to this kind old fellow of plebeian name to fill the interim of an idle moment nor yet to see how my name will look in the papers, but the sole wish and purpose is that the beautiful and tender story might appeal to the reader in behalf of mercy to helpless creatures in his care while the long hot days of summer, with its scourge of pestilent insects, the galled shoulders, the parched mouths, and tired feet and hunger, bears heavily on them.

These dumb servants are ministering unconsciously to your comfort and profit, my friend, drudging from morn till night, the seventh day not excepted, and they ask for no reward but exemption from the cruel lash and to receive humane treatment, and



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Its owner, by a single rub, could summon genii, and have access to the hidden wealth of kings.

You, too, have buried treasure at your command, and Electricity, more powerful than mythical genii, to do your bidding.

Instead of rubbing a lamp, you take off your telephone receiver and immediately a wealth of treasure is at your service.

A tiny spark flashes over the wires overhead and underground and carries the sound of your voice wherever you wish.

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BOETTCHER, PORTER & COMPANY

surely this is not an unreasonable requirement!

O you merchants of all sorts, especially grocery merchants, for God's sake have mercy on your tolling beasts these hot days while you protect yourselves from the growling sun. Cover them from exhausting flies, even while resting from toll in their stable at night, but better in the open lot. Give often a swallow of water, even as yourselves require it. Remember your horse is in your power and being restrained by the harness cannot help himself. Cast off the vexing check-rein for it serves no purpose but to aggravate and make his work more difficult; it is an added torment to the wearisome day.

I put it to you! It is not uncommon to see a frail horse laboring up the hill toward the Bench, with several useless boys added to the already overloaded vehicle, and one among them, a grimy barbarian, belaboring the exhausted animal till its pleading eyes seem to ask protection from some friendly disposed person.

Oh you men of the City Commission, wake up! Where are the drinking fountains for the suffering animals in this bustling city, for even the dogs need water? What is the matter with the few troughs already built, why, they are as dry as a powder house and oceans of water all around going to waste. How many of the city fathers know where those troughs are?

But when will dawn a brighter and better day for these distressed creatures? Dear Christ, Thou who pityest the stricken sparrow, soften the unthinking heart of the driver! Sweet Angel of Mercy, inspire him with Thine own tender attributes that he may deal out justice, only the same quality of justice to the beast in his

power that he one day may unfalteringly ask of Him who lifted the fallen ass from the pit on the holy sabbath.

(Signed) A. S. CONDON.

UNIQUE DAMAGE SUIT IS TRIED.

Provo, July 31.—The suit of William M. Soulier for \$2500 damages against Charles F. Westrope was tried in the Fourth district court today before Judge A. B. Morgan, sitting without a jury. The suit grew out of an attack on Soulier by Westrope on West Center street in this city, March, 1911. The men struck one another and clinched, and Soulier

was thrown into a ditch and suffered a broken leg.

The defense was that Soulier and a companion were trying to force their attentions on two girls, one the daughter of Westrope, who was walking along the street and, seeing this, remonstrated with the men, which led to the fight. Soulier claims that he and his companion had an appointment with two other girls to take them riding and mistook Miss Westrope and her companion for those two girls, and were talking to them under this mistake when Westrope came up and began the assault. Judgment was given for the defendant.

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10--Big Shows--10

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